

soon published a pamphlet, in which he advocated his opinion, and attempted to justify the course he had taken. Whatever may be thought of his course in casting his vote against his better judgment, it is worthy of note, as an honor to his good judgment, that within three years the seat of Justice was removed northward to Bethany. In October, 1814, he was appointed associate-judge in this county. He held this office until he left this part of the State.

We have never discovered but a single instance in which his good judgment failed him. This was in conceiving himself to be a poet. But, if he erred here, he has but followed the track of many a great and good man before him. We find recorded upon the town book some rhymes in his own handwriting. They so intimately relate to the early history of this township, that they cannot well be omitted in this discourse. They are entitled, "The Golden Age of Mount Pleasant, from 1791 to 1796, while eighty-two miles from Easton, the seat of justice. There was no law put in force but the law of forbearance. Having no law, the people were a law unto themselves." So runs the title.

But it may be well here to state the history of the origin of these verses, that you may be better able to appreciate their sentiments. Mr. Stanton conceived the idea that the people of this new and isolated country ought to have an Almanac suited to their times and circumstances. He, therefore, made a proposition to Judge Samuel Preston, of Stockport, who was quite a mathematician, to do the figuring,

and he would write the poetry usually placed at the head of the page. He, therefore, went to work, and the following verses are the result:

1. "Secluded here from noise and strife,
We lead a quiet, peaceful life.
No loungers here with poisonous breath,
Nor doctors here to deal out death.
2. No trappings here, nor such like trash,
To waste our time and spend our cash;
Nor town meetings to choose our masters,
To make us slaves and breed disasters.
3. No priest sends round his man for pay,
Because that he did preach and pray;
For we believe that grace is free
To all who wish to taste and see.
4. No jockey merchants here prevail,
To trust their goods, then send to jail;
Nor fiddling strolling players dare
Infest the place, our youth to snare.
5. Some slaves to *forms* may now inquire,
Have you no court-house, jail, or squire?
While all are honest and sincere,
What need of court or prison here?
6. Have we a cause to settle? then
We leave it to judicious men
To search the matter well, and we
To their just judgments do agree.
7. The noise of war, or the excise,
Does neither vex our ears nor eyes;
For we are free from every tax,
And stay at home and swing the ax.
8. Our corn we pound, our wheat we boll,
Thus eat the product of our soil.
Sweet Independence here does reign,
And we've no reason to complain.